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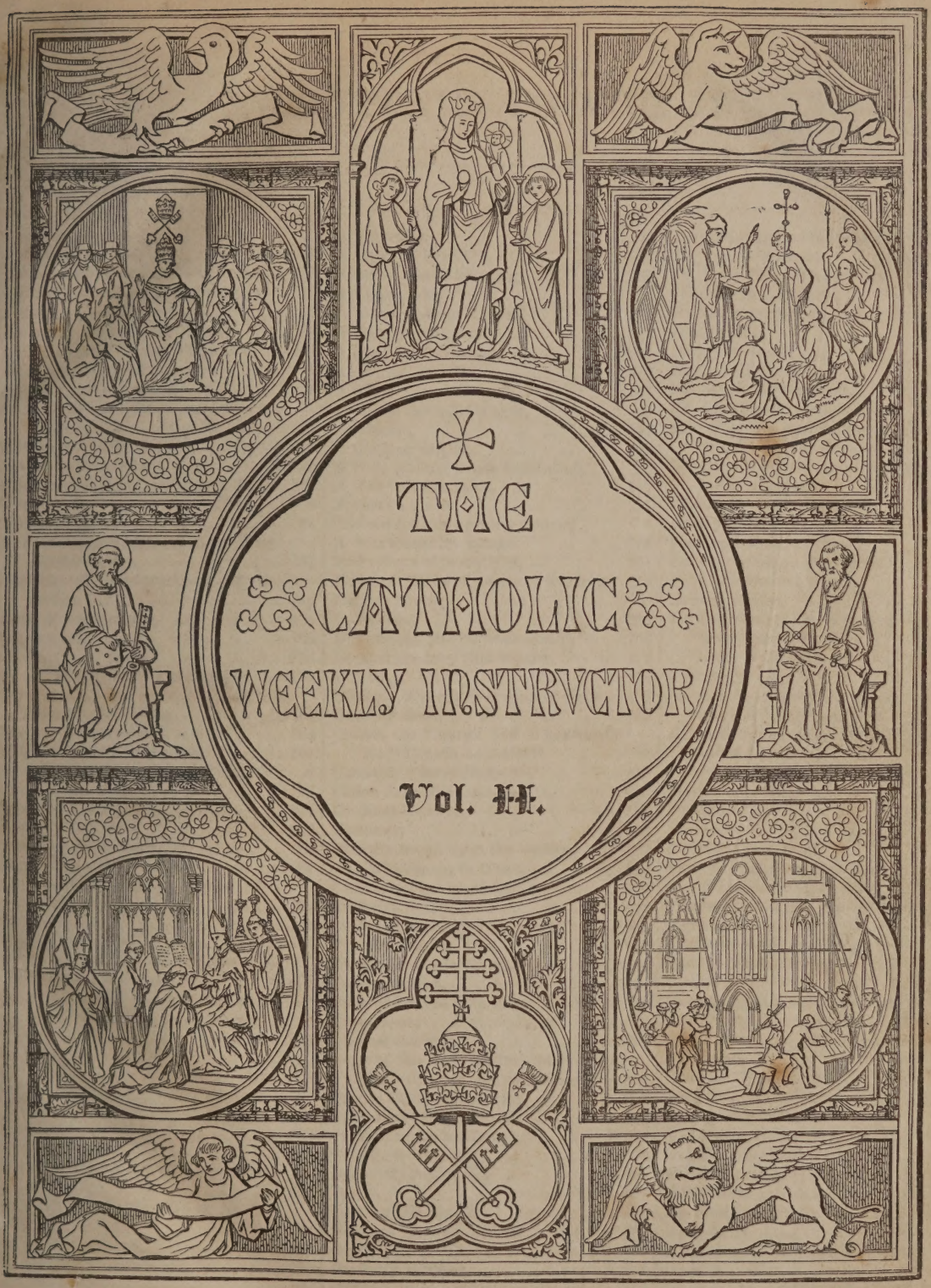
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THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 1.—Vol. II. Saturday, January 4, 1845. { Price 1*d.* or Stamped, 2*d.*

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Entering on a new year, and at the same time commencing a fresh volume, it is the clear duty of the *Catholic Instructor* to return hearty thanks to its many subscribers, for the support which they have given it from the first moment of its appearance. Already has it attained a circulation nearly three times, we believe, greater than has ever been possessed by any Catholic periodical published since the change of religion in the British dominions; and this has been accomplished without any great efforts to push it into notice, and with all the imperfections upon it which usually attend beginnings. Many have long felt that some such Magazine was wanting amongst us, which by its cheapness would be within the reach of numbers unprovided hitherto with healthy reading, and by the nature of its contents clashing as little as might be with those papers already established to cater for the Catholic public. To spread information always innocent, yet blended with interest, and edifying without being dull, has been our aim; we have sought to accomplish it without trenching on any one topic which newspapers more particularly consider to be their own; and we have avoided even all purely Catholic news, such as had no political bias whatever, amongst other motives, that we might not interfere with a cotemporary which supplies weekly and cheaply such intelligence. A large portion of the Catholic mind of the British isles lay unoccupied before us, and we have claimed the common right of trying to fill it with such thoughts as we hoped would conduce to charity in all its senses and to moral and intellectual improvement.

It is unnecessary for us at this time of day, to repeat in what manner we have wished to work out our purpose; those who do not remember the Address to the Reader in our First Number, can soon understand the objects which the Instructor has in view, by turning over a few pages of the volume just completed. We will only add, that during the year 1845, we hope to make this Magazine still more deserving of public patronage. A greater variety of original and instructive articles, adapted to the tastes and wants of the young, the labouring classes, the general reader and devout-minded, has been secured; and much more space will be given henceforward to passages from the writings of the Saints, and anecdotes connected with their Lives not popularly known. Again, at every great feast or remarkable period of the ecclesiastical year, we intend to publish some short piece of music, which Catholic families may sing at home, or which may be learned in our smaller rural poor schools. In this manner we have printed the *Adeste Fideles* and the *Alma*, and at the proper time will appear the *Ave*, the *Regina Cœli*, the *Salve*, Litany and Vesper Chants, the *O Salutaris*, *Tantum Ergo*, and those simpler pieces which the Church has always loved, and wishes to see recognized as the melody of all her children.

To our brethren in Ireland, more particularly to the zealous and high-minded Clergy, we appeal for farther support in our labours, an appeal which we confidently believe will not be in vain, when we recollect that some of those articles in our last year's volume which we most highly prize, have been forwarded from Dublin, Maynooth, Waterford, &c. We repeat, that it is not our purpose or wish to interfere with the circulation of other weekly publications, as must be manifest from our careful avoidance of every topic of news, and from the humble character and price of our work; but since, as all writers ancient and modern agree, that the Irish mind is passionately fond of knowledge, and as there must be numberless families in Ireland unable, alas! to purchase more expensive periodicals, but yet perhaps able to spend a penny weekly for the purpose of feeding their minds with interesting and religious information, and as many families, too, accustomed to take in those newspapers in which all the fluctuating efforts of a nation to redeem itself are duly chronicled, yet also loving to rest upon the peaceful triumphs of religion, and to gather consolation and instruction in that direr struggle in which all Christian nations are engaged, to all so minded and so circumstanced we commend our Magazine. If the ministers of religion give their sanction, and assist in spreading our publication through the parishes entrusted by God to their keeping, we promise on our parts that such morality only shall be inculcated as St. Bernard or St. Alphonsus would approve, and that the tenor of every piece, whether fiction, poetry, or history, shall be so shaped as to make our readers *better* as well as *wiser* men, more humble, more docile, more enlightened, and more devout.

But we will not detain our readers with promises; asking their support and candid judgment for the Instructor, and literary help also from those who have leisure, power, and inclination to forward its objects, with many thanks, we bid them farewell.

Tracts for the People.

"*Salus populi suprema lex esto;*"
(that is,)
"*Let the* SALVATION *of the people be our highest principle.*"

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

PART I.—ITS BRIGHTNESS.

"*Who will grant me that I might be according to the days in which God kept me, when His lamp shined over my head?*" ob, xxix. 2, 3.

In the recesses of the Pyrenees, not far from the Spanish border, there was (our tale is of the last century), a small rural chapel situated on a hill, known by the name of Mont-Marie. The chapel itself was simple and unpretending, solidly built, and of considerable antiquity. The inside was, however, richly adorned. The altar had silver furniture, and the walls round it were covered with votive tablets, and with silver donatives, hung in commemoration of favours piously believed to have been received through the intercession of the blessed Mother of God, to whom the chapel was dedicated. Indeed it was celebrated through the neighbouring country for many miles round, as a place of great devotion, almost a pilgrimage. Over, but behind the altar, on which was a rich tabernacle, stood an image of the spotless Virgin, bearing in her arms her Divine Son. It was nearly as large as life, of white marble and of ancient workmanship. Every one who looked at it with a favourable light, pronounced it a matchless piece of art, a work of highest inspiration. Nothing could be more benign, more sweet than the expression of the Mother, nothing more winning, yet more majestic, than the countenance of the Child.

In the midst of the sanctuary before the altar, was hung a silver lamp, as is usual in Catholic churches and oratories, burning day and night. Never, on the most tempestuous night, was it known to be extinguished; for it was abundantly supplied by the piety of the people, with the purest oil from the olive-yards of the country. And this to many of them was a matter of great importance. For that lamp was a beacon and a sure guide to the traveller at night. It was, therefore, so hung that its bright radiance shone through a round window over the door, and could be seen to a great distance. The path which led from several hamlets to the main road in the valley, passed near this chapel; it was a narrow rugged track along the mountain's side, skirting a precipice; and the directions given to the traveller was to go boldly forward so long as the light of the chapel was visible before him; but so soon as it disappeared by a jutting of the rock, to turn sharp to the right and fearlessly descend, as the precipice was now exchanged for a gentle slope that led to the wider road. So certain was this rule, that no accident was remembered to have ever happened along that path. Thus did a beautiful symbolical rite of worship lend itself to a most beneficial purpose, and become the cause of great social good; thus did the altar of God send abroad its cheerful brightness to light up the dark and wearisome path, (alas! how like that of life)! and thus were the solitary traveller's thoughts attracted to the sphere where his guiding-star burnt clear before the mercy-throne of the Lamb, there to offer, in spirit, homage; or led to think on that wakeful Eye of Providence which darts its ray from a higher sanctuary upon our joyless way, to cheer and guide us thither.

The chapel was under the care of a hermit priest, who lived in an humble dwelling beside it; and ministered to the spiritual wants of the neighbourhood, as the parish church was at some distance.

On the road which we have described, and about two miles from the chapel, was a poor small mountain hamlet, inhabited chiefly by woodmen who worked in the forests around. Among the cottages which composed it, one was remarkable for its neatness, though as poor as the rest; and the young couple that occupied it, were no less distinguished as the most industrious, the most virtuous and the happiest in the place. While Pierrot was sturdily working among the hills, his wife Annette was sitting at her wheel spinning incessantly, unless busied with domestic cares, while at her feet sat their only child not yet three years old, but already giving tokens of great sense and virtue. Like every other child born under the tutelage of that chapel, she had been called at baptism, Marie. The child was the delight of her parents, for with great liveliness of disposition and cheerfulness, she united sweetness of temper and gentleness of mind. It may be easily imagined how they watched her every look with the anxiety of fond affection.

It was with dismay, therefore, that about this time each parent observed a notable falling off in her good looks and in her spirits. For some days, neither durst communicate his alarms to the other; but at last it became manifestly necessary to call in medical advice, for the child was growing every day paler and thinner, and was losing strength. But every effort of human skill proved vain, and the physician declared that nothing short of a miracle could save the child. The parents were disconsolate, and seemed distracted with their grief; till, finding no comfort on earth, they

turned their thoughts more fervently to Heaven, where, however, they had all along sought help.

It was a fine autumn evening, when the heart-broken parents were seen slowly walking along the narrow path we have described, evidently directing their steps towards Mont-Marie. The mother bore a precious burthen in her arms, lighter indeed than the one she carried in her heart. It was her frail and sickly child carefully wrapped up, though the afternoon was warm.

When they reached the chapel it was still day, and many of the peasantry were there making their evening visit as they returned from work. The door was open, and the western sun streamed in full glory through it, and steeped the interior of the place with a golden lustre, giving to the paintings, the hangings, and the bright ornaments of the altar, a richness and magnificence truly royal. It seemed as if it was the hour of majesty, the time for urging great and noble suits at the throne of Power; the presence-chamber of the King of kings seemed gorgeously arrayed to hear the song of the joyful heart, and to dispense the treasures of redundant blessings. And each and every one of those peasants, kneeling in scattered groups in fervent worship, scarcely able to bear the dazzling sparks of light which the sun-beams struck from the silver tabernacle, was in that moment ennobled and graced beyond the richest and proudest of earth's lords, their rustic costume was embroidered by the golden pencil of Heaven, their honest heads surrounded, and, in a manner, crowned by a flood of glory, and their countenances up-turned with glowing features and moistened eyes towards that Presence, before Which all earthly royalty is base. And now the organ pealed forth its powerful notes, and all united in a simple, but overpowering strain of evening thanksgiving.

It was at this moment, that Pierrot and his wife reached the threshold of the door; and both instinctively paused as if unable to enter in. That sparkling light, that golden atmosphere, those joyful looks, those swelling notes, accorded not with their errand, sympathised not with their hearts, jarred, broken, fretted as they were. They were not coming to urge high and peculiar claims, but to seek pity, mercy, and peace. In a moment, however, they both felt confused at their apparent want of confidence; and, assuming boldly the privilege ever granted by Catholic feeling to the distressed, advanced to the steps leading to the Sanctuary. On these the mother laid her helpless burthen, and both kneeling down, covered their streaming eyes from the overpowering though fading splendour that oppressed them. Long, deep, and breathless was their prayer. During it the music had ceased, the peasants had one by one glided out, and the hermit having closed the door, and with it shut out the last dying reflection of the western sky, whispered to the afflicted father as he retired, "I have left the door unlocked, stay as long as you please. Have courage, and may God comfort you; and, through the intercession of His blessed Mother, hear your prayers." He was not like Heli that good hermit, who chid Anna in the temple because of her troubled supplication.

At these words, both uncovered their faces and raised their eyes. They were alone with their child; a perfect silence reigned around them. There was no light but what was shed by the lamp of the Sanctuary, between them and the altar. Hanging in mid-air, this seemed as a silver fountain of mildest radiance, not shot forth in rays, not scattered abroad in fiery sparks, not playing wantonly in unsteady flame, but softly and equably diffused from its source on every side, filling the centre of the holy place with a halo of serenest purest light, and thence overflowing in a more subdued and blander stream into the remoter parts and angles of the roof and walls. It was a light that appeared to exert a stilling hushing power on nature; one could not conceive noise or disturbance going on under it; a laugh, a harsh word, an angry murmur would have sounded sacrilegious, if they could have been possibly attempted. It created an atmosphere of its own; as though that soft attempered light diffused a corresponding warmth through the air, which the frost without could not chill; for no one could feel cold beneath its genial glow. It gave a softness and beauty to the commonest objects; the rude memorials of benefits received that hung around, and the poor paintings which adorned the upper parts of the walls, had their imperfect details concealed, and their more prominent features brought out in a subdued tone that made them look like masterpieces of art; and countenances which by day looked stern, by this mild light, were gentle and engaging. But it was on the inward feelings that its kindliest influence was shed. It seemed to kindle in the breast a holy light like unto itself, beaming, serene and soothing, over its disturbed affections, subduing pride and loftiness of spirit, calming anger, engentling austerity, and smoothening the folds of the crafty thought. It unruffled, it mildened, it melted the soul, and fitted it for tender and gentle emotions.

And when, thus feeling all without them in perfect harmony with their own thoughts, the unhappy parents raised their eyes towards the image of their Redeemer and His Mother, the full radiance of that lamp upon it revealed features so full of love and compassion, that never did this representation of them appear so lovely, or so truly a portrait of what in their hearts they now

wished to find them both. For they felt that *this* was the hour for appeals for mercy and pity on distress; here was the inner audience-chamber, where the petition of the poor would be kindly received face to face, whispered into the ear.

Long and fervently did the parents pray over their child under the solemn inspiration of the place and hour. There was more of depth in the father's fervour, more of tenderness in the mother's; but both made together a joint petition, they offered up a common vow. If the child recovered, she was for the next seven years to be clothed in white, as an emblem of dedication to the purest of Maids, brought up ever in piety and devotion; and her parents would fast once a week during the same period.

"Yes," exclaimed Pierrot, in the simple poetry of Nature, "she shall be white and pure as the lily, whose root has been fed by the mountain snow; she shall be as a flower before the altar of God. She shall shine in His sanctuary as the lamp that now hangs over her; her virtues shall shed a mild lustre through the holy place, as she kneels in conscious gratitude, where now she lies. Extinguish not the light of our eyes; and let not death presume to touch her now consecrated to Thee, any more than a sacrilegious hand will ever dare to quench this holy flame that burns before Thine altar."

While the parents were engaged in prayer, their child seemed to be enjoying a slumber calmer and healthier than she had for several weeks; and in this they saw the first symptom of recovering. It was late when they returned home, but the child still slept; and next morning she was evidently better. In a few more days she was at her usual place by her mother's knee. She was now what is called in France *vouée au blanc*, clothed entirely, according to vow, in virgin white. And as she grew from day to day in sense and virtue, so was she looked upon by all the good people in the neighbourhood, as one dedicated to God and privileged by grace. Hence, by common accord, the place of honour seemed granted to her in church, the spot in the centre on which she had been laid in her sickness.

There, as she grew older, she would kneel immoveable for hours, and when at dusk the crowd of peasants who filled the oratory, in the dark costume of the country, formed a confused mass, her form, arrayed in dazzling white, in the full radiance of the mystic lamp, shone bright and clear as if fulfilling her father's prayer, and seemed itself to shed a light upon the darker objects around. In silent meditation and fervent prayer, in the soft glow of that sacred lamp, her heart, too, found delight. The glories of the evening sun, the clear splendour of the summer moon, had no charms for her, like to its mildened ray. It seemed to her to shed around a light so chaste and pure, as could brook thoughts none but the holiest and almost angelic; nor could words, save the most warm and tender, bear to be breathed therein. Heavenly spirits seemed to bask in it, and cherubs were playing on the cloud of glory that hung around the flame. Nor was it to her eyes alone that this mysterious and symbolical light appeared so beautiful. With it there seemed to come music to her ears, voices whispering prayer in accordance with hers, songs subdued and tender, as of spirits striking softly upon golden harps. And it seemed to scatter ever the sweetest fragrance, a balm, an incense pure from every gross and earthly particle. In fine, no place to her appeared more closely allied to Heaven, and no situation raised her on wings of holy desire so gently from earth, as did that lonely sanctuary, enjoyed in the light of its own dear star.

It has been observed, that persons living much together, come to contract a certain resemblance to one another, so as to be often taken for near relations; and so did many think, that by frequent and long kneeling before that beautiful image of the spotless Virgin Mother, with gaze intent upon it in that mild light, her features gradually moulded themselves into the same meek and modest expression, as though she were the living, as that was the lifeless portrait of the same original.

[*To be continued.*]

In the lives of the Western Fathers it is related of S. Fintanus, that every day he was visited by an angel, and that this having ceased for several days, when the saint had the happiness of seeing him again, he asked him why he had deprived him for so long a time of his most sweet presence. "Because," replied the angel, "I was sent to be present at the death of a matron who was a great servant of God, and better than thou, because she hath done things that thou hast not done; she has never offended any one who was present by her words, nor murmured against any one absent, nor ever hath she complained of the weather, however hot or cold it may have been, nor of any thing else, whatever it might have been, or however it might have happened; but always entirely conformed herself unto the will of God, in whose hands are all things."

One day as St. Gertrude was grieving over a little defect, into which she was wont to fall from time to time, she begged our Lord that moment to deliver her from it; but Jesus said to her with a sweet and mild look, "You would wish, then, that I should be deprived of a great honour and yourself of a great reward? Know that as often as any one acknowledgeth his failing, and proposeth to avoid it for the time to come, he gaineth a great reward for himself; and as often as he abstaineth from falling into it again for the love of me, he rendereth me the same honour that a brave soldier does to his king when he fighteth manfully against his enemies and overcometh them."

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

NIGHT turns to day:
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the op'ning flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:—
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring:
When icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:
With noontide's fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

James Montgomery.

HUNTING OF THE GIRAFFE.

GENERALLY speaking, two horsemen, provided with one or two camels, laden with a supply of provender and water sufficient for a few days, proceed into the desert frequented by the giraffes. The camels are left at an appropriate place, whilst the riders reconnoitre the country until they come upon the track of an animal. Great experience is now requisite to distinguish whether the trace be of to-day or yesterday, or of a yet older date. If it be recent, and that of a young animal, it is immediately followed up, and the huntsmen may make sure of gaining a sight of their prey in a few hours. As soon as the giraffe is in view, the run instantly takes place, for the animal, very timid by nature, seeks refuge in flight, and indeed with extraordinary fleetness. Everything now depends on the dexterity of the rider, and activity of his horse. They must do all in their power to gain upon the game they have started, and endeavour which is the more readily to be effected, as the giraffe never takes a straight course, but, by nature timid, doubles, in the fear of its life, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and is thus quickly overtaken by the horsemen. Having come up with the young animal pursued, the rider casts a lasso over its head; his throw but seldom fails, and in the worst case must be repeated. He then attaches the end of the rope to his saddle, drags the animal as closely as he can to his horse, and thus the capture is effected. But now a steady and patient horse, well broken to its work, is again necessary for the farther transport; for the horse must resist the animal's efforts, or give way to them (for it pulls and jumps in all directions), in conveying it to the nearest village, which the huntsmen endeavour to reach as quickly as they possibly can. A she-camel should stand in readiness there to give the young giraffe milk, with which it is fed before being weaned to grass or hay. This treatment must be subsequently followed, and even full-grown giraffes should receive milk daily as drink, if it be in any way possible.—*Pallme's Travels in Kordofan.*

A VOICE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

WE wish capital, now so superabundant, could be directed towards the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes. With how many comforts, how many decencies, how many virtues, a clean, well-ventilated dwelling is associated, nobody needs to be informed; such is to a family what personal cleanliness is to an individual—a means of health, recreation, rest and enjoyment. Nor is it unimportant in a moral sense—

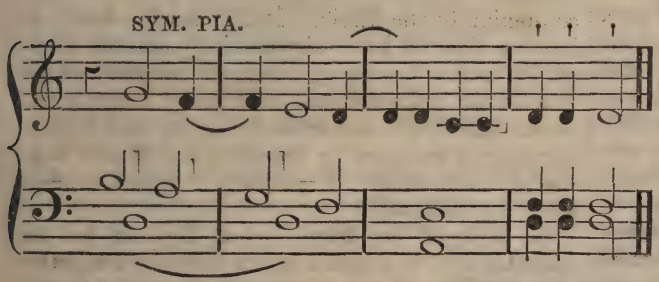
"For with the body's purity, the mind
Acquires a secret, sympathetic aid."

If your business leads you to the dwelling of an artisan—one of the great race whose hands make our wealth, our luxuries, our comforts—where are you likely to find them? In a guttery back street, or stench-abounding alley, you climb a filthy stair; and, in a close unventilated room, parlour, kitchen, and all, you find the entire family huddled together, for cooking, eating, and sleeping. All the air admitted is through the key-hole, or the broken pane of a window that will neither open nor shut. Neatness is impossible; and with the best housewife, her task is the pursuit of cleanliness under difficulties; for how can cleanliness be attained where its first elements, air and water, are with difficulty attainable? The husband, driven away by the noise, the stench, and the discomfort of his little place, which *ought* to be his home, is probably at the public-house; the children are in the gutter, and the wife in suds, straw, or saucepans. The dilapidated habitations of the rich, abandoned by their advance in the comforts and decencies of life, degenerate into abodes of the poor. There is no such thing thought of, with all our thinking, of providing the poor with habitations fitted to their wants or means, unless they become chargable to us as paupers; then, indeed, an Elizabethan palace rises proudly from some dry and salubrious site. Commissioners, with a thousand a-year, see that it is provided with baths, infirmaries, and every necessary of health. Dr. Reid devises plans for its ventilation; artesian wells are sunk to supply the paupers with water; the best of clothing, and food, and every thing else is advertised for. But, unless a man is either wealthy or a pauper no care is taken to give him a decent abode; humble industry may hide its head where it can; as long as it is in working order, we take no heed of it; but the minute it is demoralised, or depauperised, we have the most elegant model-prisons to correct it, and the most beautiful union workhouses to lock it up in!—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.







SOLO.

Surgere, qui curat, populo: tu quæ genuisti
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum genitorem.

CHORUS.

Tuum sanctum genitorem tuum.

SOLO.

Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore
Sumens illud ave, peccatorum miserere.

CHORUS.

Peccatorum miserere, peccatorum miserere.

TRANSLATION.

Fairest Mother of our Saviour—
Op'ning portal of the skies—
Star of hope, that o'er the ocean,
Softest shines upon our eyes,
Come and aid thy falling people,
Falling still—still fain to rise.

When from out thy womb's inclosure
Issued thine own Parent-God,
Nature saw (a wond'ring witness)
Thee, the chosen one, that stood
Bearing all a Mother's honours
With unblemish'd Maidenhood.

Glorious Gabriel once did greet thee
With his Avès soft and sweet.
May we—though with lips unhallow'd—
Dare his heav'n-taught words repeat—
May we hope to have thy pity,
Sinners sighing at thy feet.

A.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A THOUGHTFUL PROTESTANT.

(Editor's Preface.)

In the course of last summer I became acquainted with a Protestant, who continued to form a closer intimacy with me. We spoke at our first meeting of different literary productions of our time. Soon and imperceptibly our conversation turned upon religion. I remarked that my new friend must have reflected much upon himself, the higher destiny of man, and upon faith. At the same time I was led to conclude from several of his expressions, that Protestantism, in which he had been educated, satisfied neither his understanding nor his heart; and that his mind and his manner of thinking tended much more to Catholicism. I was not deceived. For already at our first meeting he communicated to me, that in his youth the doctrines of his sect had been presented to him in a manner which could by no means satisfy his thirst for knowledge. The attempts to reduce the Divine mysteries to a level with the understanding in the explanation of his teachers were necessarily highly insufficient, and that very *reason*, which was vaunted to him as the highest endowment of man, awaked doubts of every kind. These increased as time advanced. The direction of his studies brought him into the company of men who believed in pure materialism; he himself fell into this miserable condition. His bosom was torn by fearful pangs, and he saw in the world only an all-consuming and *ruminating* monster. But the All-good had led him into this cheerless wilderness only for a trial, and for his purification. The firm irrefragable certainty of the immeasurably higher and purer activity of the soul, when separated from bodily organs, came to him in a peculiar way. He adhered with all his might to these heavenly thoughts, he examined farther, and the happy ideas of God, immortality, and freedom rose aloft like shining stars in his heavens, and, so at last he returned, after a long wandering and severe struggles (however, more happy from having gained a pure and perfect conviction), to that Christianity which he now honours as the holy palladium of mankind.

Yet being intimately acquainted with the sad history of the Reformation, with the difference of opinions which existed among its founders, and with the danger of several of their doctrines,* wavering Protestantism could in no way satisfy his feelings and the wants of his heart. But at the same time he became acquainted with some Catholic writings. With the deepest interest he read several dogmatical works, Mohler's Symbolik, the Handbook of the Christian Religion, by Ildephonsus Schwarz, &c. &c.; and how astonished was he to find in these excellent writings *exactly the contrary* of what, according to the prevalent opinion of the Protestant public, is to be found in them. Instead of subtle, sophistically represented controversies, he found in the above-mentioned works the purest exposition of the most luminous and irrefutable propositions, carried out with perfect consequence; instead of a love of perversion and coarse bigotry, the most humane developement of the truth nobly founded on the holy well-springs of christianity; in a word, he found a most sublime edifice built upon immoveable foundations, and carried out with wondrous harmony, where every proposition, perfect in itself, is so intimately mingled and connected with the others, that even the smallest change necessarily induces a breach in the wonderful connexion of the whole. It now for the first time became clear to him, why precisely several learned Protestants, who, possessing a mental cultivation on all sides eminent, and being morally disposed, strove to gain what is better and higher, necessarily returned to the Catholic church when the discord which of necessity reigned in their souls was removed.*

So thought my friend when I made his acquaintance. We spoke often and much together of the difference which exists between the Catholic and Protestant doctrine, of the necessity of a visible Church independent of temporal power, as the Catholic church alone is, of the deep significance of the sacraments, and, in fine, upon the preeminence and beauty of the external worship of the Catholic church. These discourses induced my new acquaintance to compose the first part of the following essay with my assistance. With respect to the second part, it is in a great measure the produce of his pen, and I have only erased or softened the too harsh expressions of some passages, which were directed against known and principally contemporaneous Protestant writers.

Moreover, the work was originally only intended for me; but since the author for reasons which I must honour, has begged me to publish it as the result of his inquiries, I made no difficulty to comply with his moderate request.

Pater Franz.

* Luther wrote to Melancthon: "Man may sin as much as he pleases, and yet he will be blessed, if he only believe."

* Here I simply remind the reader of those converts who lived a considerable time amongst us in Vienna, as for example; Frederick Count Stolberg, Adam Müller, Frederick Schlegel, &c.

THE REFLECTING PROTESTANT'S ARGUMENT.

If we take off our attention from the things of the outward world and direct it upon ourselves, upon our deep spiritual life, upon the relation betwixt soul and body, we then look into a darkness which it is in vain to strive with earthly eye to penetrate.

A multitude of important questions presses upon us, for which our understanding, which at other times is ever ready with explanation, finds, and can find, no answer, since its explanations are all grounded simply on the experience of the senses.

The spirit of man, however, belongs not to an earthly home; it is immortal, and will pass after death into a higher spiritual home. But here on the earth he is bound and confined by his earthly clothing, his body; this surrounds him with earthly bounds as long as he lives here below, it unites him to the earth with its joys and sorrows, it pressingly demands the satisfaction of its sensual wants, and strives after that which is called earthly sensual happiness. The body itself, however, is mortal; death resolves it into its simple earthly elements, and of all that gave us pleasure by the senses nothing remains; all passes away like smoke and vapour.

Through this wonderful connexion of soul and body the higher powers of the soul are generally bound and confined by earthly limits; and even that which we call *understanding* is nothing but a train of propositions (drawn from experience), which we, in consequence of our peculiar organisation, merely deduce from the perceptions of the senses. Therefore, the boundary of the operation of the understanding is the boundary of what is finite; only earthly sensual things, only what originates and passes away can be discovered and decided by the understanding. Yet has the soul a second aim within itself towards its heavenly home, the eternal world, and that is the holy band which unites us with the Eternal, the Unchangeable—that is the inward guarantee of our immortality—that is the holy voice which resounds in every mortal breast in those happy moments when we rise above what is earthly, and when the holy thoughts of God, Immortality, and Freedom arise in us.

Alas! man is too often so snatched into the tumult of earthly life, that he neglects to listen to this inward voice; its admonitions gradually become weaker, and the earthly uproar drowns the inward warning. Man sinks into the sensual whirlpool, and adheres with all his power to things which pass away in death like spray before the wind. His higher eternal self is absorbed by the earthly, and he fails in the only high aim of his earthly existence.

On the truth of these assertions there is only one opinion: it is even the inward voice in every mortal breast itself. If we compare the history of all people and all times until now, we find this holy striving after God and immortality in the holy Vedams of the Indians, we find it in the books of Zoroaster, we find it in the mysteries of the Greeks, in the holy traditions of the Germans, in short, of all nations; and if we compare the history of the developement of mankind, we shall be authorised in declaring, that God with the successive advancement of man from time to time raised up men, who after deep meditation communicated their ideas to the world, to improve it, to withdraw it from what is common, earthly, and perishable, and to lead it to the consideration of that which endures for ever.

Moreover, other voices, which may be called voices from another world, speak wonderfully, but very distinctly to man. In our earthly existence there are moments when that dark veil disappears, even though it be for a short time; when our intimate connexion with a higher spiritual world becomes clear to us; when we look into the far future after death; and when the holy truth presents itself so bright and clear to our souls, that even the sceptic is compelled to acknowledge our higher spiritual essence and eternal existence. Man sunk in earthly enjoyments sees with a secret shudder this ray of light from a higher world penetrate the night of his existence; but the whirlpool of a sinful world seizes him again, and thus in spite of this wonderful summons he sinks beneath the vortex. But here has God with all a father's love provided for his children, and that which immeasurably surpasses the bounds of reason, which alone the deep voice in the breast speaks as a holy presentiment, which illumines our earthly night only in solitary rays—that has He given us in superabundant, excellent degree, by means of *revelation*.

The hour of redemption from the bonds of earth, the holy deliverance of the immortal soul from sensual bounds approached. His Holy Word was made flesh; *Jesus Christ* was born, he lived as a God-Man, led a heavenly life free from stain, and died at last for the sins of the world a sacrifice on the cross. God sent his Son into the world; He founded on the earth the kingdom of eternal light and truth; He enlightened our souls with divine fire; He gave us heavenly food for the soul which is striving to reach its eternal home.

Several thousand years had reason worked and produced many noble fruits, but it could only weave earthly garlands; the pure Divine light of christianity could only come to us by revelation.

We should, therefore, forbear from wishing to make use of reason, and of that alone in our criticism of that which is immeasurably raised above its circle of operation. Let us not touch with earthly finger what is to our simple reason inconceivable. A higher consecration must he have received who would arrive at the spiritual contemplation of what came to us by revelation.

The appearance of *Christ*, his holy life, and glorious death were accompanied by deep wonders, which the hardened sense of a miserable man sunk in earthly mire only can deny. Above all, people often doubt the truth of such divine extraordinary influence in the order of our corporal world of sense; but they do not think that even the most simple, daily appearances of nature, yes, that even man himself, is to our weak reason unintelligible, and, according to our present notions, one of the greatest wonders of creation.

Christ, therefore, lived on earth and taught. But all that he taught so beautifully accords with simple, child-like, pure sense, gives to man's life its higher dignity, shows us our earthly existence as the preparation for a future and a better world, and was consequently simply and purely destined to operate on earth that great spiritual revolution which was to free mankind from the hereditary sin of selfishness, and lead him to a higher aim, the love of God. But to attain this high aim for all future generations, the foundation of a church was necessary, which since she was to exist as eternally true, ought also to possess in herself the open, distinguishing marks of her divine origin, and unite the visible with the invisible, what is earthly with what is eternal.

1. The understanding of man can in no way possess the right of judging the higher decisions of the church, for the church is the guardian of divine revelations, which immeasurably surpass the reason of men. Reason has, *without doubt*, the high office to seek that religion which accords with the higher spiritual wants of man, to examine its origin, the grounds of its divinity, and the first principles of its morality. But as soon as we are persuaded by the help of reason of its existence and divine origin, then must we lead our weak reason captive, and subject it to the Church as the union of all reason guided by the Holy Ghost, and the guardian of the higher doctrines.

2. Since the object of revelation is holy, divine truth—since, moreover, there is and can be only *one* truth—since reason itself, from the arguments adduced above, cannot be in that the only and highest tribunal; therefore, can there be only *one* holy faith, only *one* church, and sects cannot, and may not be admissible.

3. But to enable the church to exist in this pure and sublime integrity, she must be a perfectly independent institute; she ought not to be subjected to the control of the state, or any other earthly power, for she is in no way to be considered as a servant of the state; much more is *that* state which chooses the church as a pattern and example for itself to be considered as more fortunate, and as fulfilling as far as possible its higher purpose.

4. But in order to preserve the unity and independence of the church, in the lapse of centuries, perfect and pure, it is indispensably necessary that the priests, the guardians of the holy doctrines, should have a position independent of the world; and, farther, that they should have a strictly hierarchical constitution, in which the members are subordinate one to another, and in which, in fine, all is concentrated in unity of will.

Finally, since the aim of our earthly existence is simply and alone to prepare ourselves here below for the future higher home of our soul, to persevere in holy faith in God Jesus Christ, and thus courageously suffer the trials which God sends us during our earthly course, therefore must our earthly life, in so far as we wish to enjoy the happiness of being christians, be most intimately united with the church, and consequently must the priests of the church have a most important influence on the spiritual and religious life of man; they must, therefore, receive the mysterious bond which unites earth with heaven from the church, and every christian is at the same time most strictly bound to attend to the laws prescribed by the church, and promulgated by the priests.

If we next consider the essence of the Catholic church, we find that its exterior and interior organisation universally corresponds with these premises.

Farther ought the priesthood to be perfectly independent of the world and its influence. It is hierarchically constituted, all is concentrated in a collective will which is at last immoveably grounded on the holy well-springs of religion: these are the Bible and Holy tradition. Free reading of, and private use of the Bible, is not allowed to every laic, for very important reasons. For although there are translations of these holy books, nevertheless to read and understand these works which belong to a perfectly different age, it is requisite to possess a high cultivation, both religious and learned, which is not and cannot be possessed by ordinary men not scientifically instructed; and without saying any more of other vagaries, a thousand examples in the Protestant world afford us sufficient proof how opposite, erroneous, and faulty are often the explanations even of scientifically instructed theologians. By

this also is the unity of the Catholic church firmly founded; for as there is only one truth, so is there also but one expression, one explanation of it, as *faith*, possible. The reason and understanding of individuals do not at the same time possess the right of interpretation and elucidation, and every one is referred to the interpretation of the church; for religion belongs to an immeasurably higher sphere, and it were a presumption for the individual man to dare to enter these spheres.

Much less can we entertain the idea of a superintendence of the holy doctrines of the church by the state, since the church exists as a purely, independent, spiritual state in the worldly state; she is, if I may compare the life with the soul of man, in a certain measure, the soul in the body. And well is it for every state where this is the case, where it is the church that binds the souls of men firmly and intimately in one harmonious whole; for where this happens ethics and morality will animate the thoughts and actions of man, and every one will strive so to act, that he may be able to answer before God and the church.

The Catholic Priest is by no means to be considered as simply the appointed servant of the church, he is much more the organ of the Divinity itself; from him and through him comes the holy voice of tradition. Therefore we do not bow our knee before him as man, but before his holy dignity which is communicated to him in a holy manner by the highest consecration. And if earthly defects even then adhere to him as man, that has not the least influence on the divine purity of his holy office. He is the earthly vessel of the sanctifying divine power. The foundation of this sublime position rests in the idea that God by peculiar election has endowed, and still endows, certain men with superior gifts for the attainment of his holy designs. And in order that the highest and noblest gift which he has granted to us mortals on earth, in order that the power to be strengthened by revelation to a constant victory in the warfare of life might be communicated to us and preserved in a worthy manner, therefore is this high election of the priesthood as his holy organ by the sublimest consecration necessary. Therefore that which the Priest communicates to men originates not from him, but from God himself.

Much has been said, and many disputes have arisen concerning the celibacy of the Catholic Priests. But I do not deny that this idea which belonged to the earlier ages of Christianity was the deepest and most influential one which could be conceived, in connexion with the indispensably necessary firm foundation of the hierarchical system, and to it is in part to be attributed the firm and cordial preservation of the unity of the Catholic church; because the unmarried Priest is not, and cannot be withdrawn by the cares of a family, and other earthly connexions from the highest considerations on the dignity of his situation, and the innate eminence of his sacred calling. He is in this manner most intimately and inseparably connected with the church.

If we now consider the end of our existence, we shall find that it consists in the purification of our being, in an intimate and firm adherence to God and his holy revelations, and in what is only attainable by means of them, a preparation of the soul for the eternal better land, for our future higher destiny, for our reception into the number of the blessed who surround the throne of God. At the same time it has by no means been said on the Catholic side that we ought to render our life a life of mourning; no! we ought actively to avail ourselves of our confined earthly powers, we ought, armed with reason and understanding, to do every thing to enjoy our earthly existence, and to advance as much as possible the earthly well-being of our fellow-mortals. But wisely ought we to enjoy life; we ought not, thereby, to lose sight of our future lot after death, and all our thoughts and actions should be under the higher influence of holy religion.

How really happy is that man to be considered who is a member of this holy Church, to whom holy revelation clearly shows the high aim of his life, who directs his life in each and every respect towards this aim, who is clearly and intimately convinced of the almighty dominion of the Godhead, the paternal guidance of the all-wise, all-loving Father, and of heavenly grace, from which came to us revelation. But in order that this revelation and its holy excellence may not be lost to us in the tumult of earthly life, in order that we may ever remain most thoroughly penetrated by the holy will of God, and feel ourselves by a contemplation of the world to come constantly raised above the earthly warfare, *we must be bound by a firm, inseparable, spiritual band to the church.* And this is the case in the Catholic church. Bold, mad pride alone can feel a burdensome oppressive fetter in this intimate bond, which unites us to our true happiness, to our beatitude, to God and our immortality, and which raises us high above the slime of earth. The noble, deep-feeling man, however, who recognizes his nothingness, who knows that all that we are and have comes to us from the bosom of the endless mercy of God, he will in deep humility draw near the Most High, and think himself happy that this very bond, firm and holy, unites him with the communion of saints, and to the holy throne of God.

[*To be continued.*]

GOOD THINGS FROM THE CALENDAR;

OR, FACTS AND THOUGHTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND STUDIED DAILY.

January 5th. ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

St. Simeon was son to a poor shepherd. In his youth he was much moved by hearing the Beatitudes one day read in the church, particularly these, *Blessed are they that mourn: blessed are the clean of heart.* The more effectually to obtain the happiness they promised, he left the world and retired to a mountainous country, where he lived in the practice of the greatest penance. Multitudes flocked to him, to hear his discourses and to obtain his blessing, and many sought to touch him. To remove himself from their reach, he erected a pillar, on which he lived, spending his time in instructing the people and in praising God, frequently in the day bowing down his body in prayer and adoration. In this posture he died, having lived thirty-seven years on pillars, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, in 459: and thus passed from singing the praises of God on earth, to join with the angels in singing them for eternity. Blessed are they that with the fervour of St. Simeon daily repeat, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

January 6th. THE EPIPHANY.

A festival in honour of the manifestation of our Lord to the Gentiles, when wise men from the East, following the direction of a brilliant star came to Jerusalem, where they were informed that Christ was to be born in Bethlehem. Thither they immediately repaired, the star again going before them until it stood over the place where the Child was, saying in its mute language, "Here shall you find your new-born King." Full of faith they entered the lowly place, and falling down they adored their infant Saviour, offering him their presents. This is one of the greatest festivals of the year, the Christmas day of the Gentiles. On this day we should thank God for his having bestowed on us the gift of faith, which, as St. Peter says, *is much more precious than gold*: what would all other blessings avail us, if, like our pagan ancestors, we were still *sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death?*

January 7th. ST. LUCIAN.

St. Lucian was born at Samosata in Syria. He lost his parents whilst very young; when he came to the possession of his estate he distributed all among the poor. Being ordained priest, he devoted himself to the service of God and the good of his neighbour. During the persecution of Dioclesian, he was cast into prison, where he continued nine years. Whilst bound and chained down on his back in prison, he consecrated the divine mysteries upon his own breast, and communicated to the faithful that were present. Being at length brought before the tribunal, he gave no other answer to all the questions put to him, but this, "I am a Christian." He finished his glorious course by martyrdom in 312.—*Whoever shall confess me before men, will I confess him before my Father who is in heaven.*

January 8th. ST. SEVERINUS.

St. Severinus spent the first part of his life in the deserts of the East; but inflamed with an ardent zeal for the glory of God, he left his retreat to preach the gospel in the North, and became the Apostle of Austria. He was a father to the poor, cured the sick, and brought a blessing wherever he came. By word and example he never ceased to exhort all to repentance and piety: he always walked barefoot; he never eat till after sunset; his bed was sackcloth spread on the floor in his oratory. Having foretold his death, he received the viaticum, and arming his whole body with the sign of the cross, and repeating that verse of the Psalmist, *Let every spirit praise the Lord*, he expired in 482.

January 9th. ST. PETER OF SEBASTE.

St. Peter, the youngest of ten children, was instructed in the maxims of religion, and formed to piety, by his eldest sister St. Macrina. Wholly bent upon cultivating the seeds of piety that had been sown in him, he retired to a monastery, of which he afterwards became abbot. During a severe famine, he liberally disposed of all that belonged to the monastery and whatever he could raise, to relieve the numerous crowds that daily resorted to him. In 370 he was promoted to the priesthood, and in 380 he was consecrated bishop of Sebaste, to root out the Arian heresy in that diocese. All antiquity bears testimony to his extraordinary sanctity, prudence, and zeal; he died about 387. *A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it.*

January 10th. ST. AGATHO, POPE.

Agatho, a Sicilian by birth, was remarkable for his charity and benevolence, a profound humility, and an engaging sweetness of temper. Having been several years treasurer of the church of Rome, he succeeded Domnus in the pontificate in 679. He presided by his three legates in the sixth general council, against the Monothelite heresy, which he confuted in a learned letter, by the tradition of the apostolic church of Rome, "Acknowledged, says he, by the whole Catholic church, to be the mother and mistress of all other churches, and to derive her superior authority from St. Peter, the prince of the apostles." He died in 682.

January 11th. ST. HYGINUS, POPE, MARTYR.

He was placed in the chair of St. Peter after the martyrdom of St. Telesphorus, in the year 139. He condemned the heresiarchs, Cerdo and Valentine. He did not sit quite four years, dying in 142. We do not find that he ended his life by martyrdom, yet he is styled a martyr in some ancient calendars, as well as in the Roman Martyrology; undoubtedly on account of the various persecutions which he suffered, and to which his high station in the church exposed him in those perilous times.

THE DYING CHILD ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you are waking call me early, call me early, Mother dear;
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year:
It is the last new year that ever I shall see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more o' me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he sat and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the new year 's coming up, Mother, but I shall never see
The May upon the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

There 's not a flower upon the hills; the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave:
But I shall lie alone, Mother, within the mouldering grave.

When the flowers come again, Mother, beneath the waning light,
Ye 'll never see me more in the long grey fields at night;
When from the dry dark wood the summer airs blow cool,
On the oatgrass and the swordgrass, and the bulrush in the pool.

Ye 'll bury me, my Mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade;
And ye 'll sometimes come and see me where I am lowly laid:
I shall not forget ye, Mother, I shall hear ye where ye pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward; but ye 'll forgive me now;
Ye 'll kiss me, my own Mother, upon my cheek and brow:
Nay—nay, ye must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
Ye should not fret for me, Mother, ye have another child.

Oh, I will come again, Mother, from out my resting-place;
Though ye 'll not see me, Mother, I shall look upon your face:
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
And be often—often with ye, when ye think I 'm far away.

Good-night, good-night; when I have said good-night for evermore;
And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door:
Do n't let Effie come and see me till my grave be growing green,
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor;
Let her take 'em, they are hers; I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set,
About the parlour window, and the box of mignionette.

Good-night, sweet Mother, call me when it begins to dawn;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year:
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, Mother dear.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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